

## The Tragedie

If euer he haue wife, let her be made  
As miserable by the death of him,  
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.  
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load  
Taken from Paules to be interred there:  
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,  
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarfe.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,  
*La.* What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend  
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villaine, set downe the coarfe, or by Saint Paul,  
He make a coarfe of him that disobeyes.

*Gen.* My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe.

*Glo.* Vnmaner'd dog, stand thou when I command,  
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,  
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,  
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

*La.* What do you tremble, are you all afraide?

Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,  
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.

Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,  
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,  
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.

*La.* Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,  
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:  
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes,  
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,  
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,  
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformitie,  
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.

Tay deed inhumane and vnnaturall,  
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.

Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death:  
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenges his death:  
Either heauen with lightning stricke the murderer dead

of Rich

Orearth gape open wide, and  
As thou doest swallowe vp th  
Which his. Hel-gouernd arme

*Glo.* Ladie, you know no ru  
Which renders good for bad,

*La.* Villanne, thou knowst n  
No beast so fierce, but knowes

*Glo.* But I know none, and t

*La.* Oh wonderfull when d

*Glo.* More wonderfull when  
Vouchsafe diuine perfection o

Of these supposed euils to giue  
By circumstance but to acquit

*La.* Vouchsafe defused infee  
For these knowne euils, but to

By circumstance to curse thy c  
*Glo.* Fairer then tongue can n

Some patient leisure to excuse  
*La.* Fouler then heart can th

No excuse currant, but to hang  
*Glo.* By such dispare I shoul

*La.* And by disparing shoul  
For doing worthy vengeance o

Which didst vnworthy slaugh  
*Glo.* Say that I slew them not

*La.* Why then they are not  
But dead they are, and diuelish

*Glo.* I did not kill your husb  
*La.* Why then he is aliu.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead and slai  
*La.* In thy soule throat thou

Thy bloody faulchion smokin  
The which thou once didst be

But that thy brother beat aside  
*Glo.* I was prouoked by her s

Which laid their guilt vpon my  
*La.* Thou wast prouoked by

Which neuer dreamt on ough  
Didst thou not kill this king?